

WELL-KNOWN SOCIETY LEADERS IN HORSE SHOW BOXES.



SOCIETY FROWNS ON NAUGHTY LONA.

Wickedest Barrison Gives a Touch of Comedy to the Horse Show, as Do Waring's "White Wings."

any spectator. It isn't often that anything happens to wipe out the impression of Foxie Keene's riding, but Miss Barrison and her costume accomplished that feat and thereby secured the attention that she sought. The rest of this week the Garden will be crowded, not to see Lona Barrison, but just by the force of the popular tide. The flood has set in and as they say of tides, it is horsing.

HEAVY AND BOGUS SWELLS.

Cholly Knickerbocker Shows How to Discriminate—Finds a New Kind of Dudes.

To the average attendant at the Horse Show it doesn't make a particle of difference whether the real heavy swells of New York are there or not, so long as the average attendant feels himself or herself into the belief that they are present. A case in point: Mrs. Oliver Belmont's box early yesterday afternoon was occupied by two handsome old ladies with gray hair. The average attendant came along on a round of inspection, saw that the box was No. 22, found from the catalogue that it belonged to Mr. Belmont and made this observation with the utmost seeming satisfaction: "That one in the corner is Mrs. Belmont. Isn't she handsome? And isn't her hair getting white?"

What matters it to such people as these whether the owners of the boxes are in them or not, so long as there is somebody in the boxes that may be taken for the owners? The Horse Show, after all, is very much like the circus. It doesn't make a great deal of difference whether the sacred white elephant is painted or not, so long as it is white.

Somewhat, who evidently read Edgar Saltus's delightful introduction to the Journal's story of the Horse Show yesterday has written me a letter in which I am asked how one not familiar with the faces of the Four Hundred can pick the favored few out of the four thousand in the Garden. The answer is difficult, for the imitation swell gets himself up in such duplication of the real swell that the features of the face are the only points of distinction.

If the imitator is of slim and slender proportions he studies the elegance of Hamilton Hercules Cary, or T. Sufferin, or Stanley Mortimer, or H. B. Duryea, and as there are more slim dudes than stout ones, it comes about that this type also predominates among the imitators, and the Garden is filled with young persons built on the between-raindrops pattern. If the imitator

swell and note carefully not the people he pretends to know—for the imitator is deviously sly in this respect, and will take off his hat with precision and bow elaborately to imaginary acquaintances in the boxes—but the people who know him. When the occupants of the boxes occupied by New York people recognize a man, receive him and talk with him, you may rest assured that he is no fraud. As to discovering his individual identity, I can suggest no way better than asking him his name.

If a man is all hips and has knock knees to boot you may put him down as an imitation. No man of that construction can get into the Social Register, much less the sacred circle of the elite. On the other hand, if you should see a chap with legs bowed out until he appears to be a perambulating parenthesis, you can put him down as a member of the horse, riding-to-hounds-set, of which there are many social luminaries.

In short, or long, either, for that matter, the legs of a dude are excellent indicators of his social standing. If his legs are absolutely straight, he is likely to be a gentleman. If the deviation from the rectilinear is outward it doesn't matter much, but if it is inward it is fatal to social aspirations.

A New School of Dudes.

An entirely new school of dudes has sprung up at this Horse Show, and I am thinking that Mr. Richard Harding Davis is responsible for it. At any rate, his disciples copy with marked fidelity the remarkable style of dress affected by Mr. Davis. This consists, for afternoons, of an ill-fitting frock coat that looks as though it had been pressed between the mattresses of a bed, a waistcoat of billous color, trousers turned up at the bottoms, and a shockingly dilapidated silk hat of antique pattern, worn on the back of the head with much pain in the face.

Mr. Davis is the brainiest man of brains that I know, and his burly figure appears oddly enough in the apparel I have described. On the first day of the Horse Show, Mr. Davis was the only representa-

tive of his school in the Garden. Yesterday there were four duplicates of him in figure, as well as in fashion. It looks as though the Richard Harding Davis school of duds had come to stay.

Two separate and distinct sensations were offered by Regie Rives yesterday. In the afternoon he introduced a stock that must have gone three times around the neck and reached nearly to his ears. At first glance it looked as though he might be suffering from tonsillitis and had bandaged his throat. Everybody wanted to know where he got the stock, and why he wore it. The latter question was answered when Mr. Rives mounted the box of Mr. "Fatty" Bates's horse, took the reins from the hands of the obnoxious owner and rode the vehicle over the tankard, while "Fatty" sat beside him consumed with inexpressible delight. It was a great day for "Fatty" and the distinguished honor conferred upon him by Mr. Rives more than atoned for the disappointment he felt when the judges awarded his four-in-hand the red ribbon.

Mr. Rives's other sensation was furnished in the evening when he appeared in a short gray sack coat and brown derby hat. Such eccentricity was wholly unaccountable and proved a sore trial to his brother-in-law and double, Prescott Lawrence, who was deigning as usual.

The Old and the Young.

Yesterday was noticeable for the large number of half grown boys in attendance. Many of these little chappies were arrayed in regulation racing tops and talked horse from end to end. Most of them were put to bed by the time the show opened in the evening, but some of the older ones escaped parental discipline and blossomed out in all the glory and consciousness of the first dress suit. One of them was especially conspicuous and has been from the first day.

He is in evidence all the time, and dreadfully afraid that he will miss something. He would love to be in the boxes and on the promenade simultaneously, if such a thing were possible, and his greatest regret is that he can't be on both sides of the Garden at the same time. I shall

not name him, for I am sure that he would blush himself to death if he were to see his name in print. Everybody who has been to the Horse Show will recognize him, however, by his unusual height, his extreme slenderness, his deliciously retreating nose, his red and downy upper lip, and his cheek, that is as soft and creamy as a girl's. He is one of the fixed and attractive features of the exhibition.

In marked contrast to this type is the venerable bean of the old school, with erect and soldierly bearing, eyes flashing behind gold-rimmed glasses, and bristling mustaches curled up defiantly. Such a man is J. T. Talfer, paymaster of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and as fond of the horse as Captain Jinks was of the horse marines. He is also gallant in the extreme, and the way he escorted Miss Virginia Fair about the promenade was a lesson in elegance that any chappie might have studied with advantage.

But the old chappies generally had their innings yesterday. Heads honored with gray hairs and heads without any hairs were prevalent everywhere. Colonel "O.B." O'Brien, whom every one knows and loves, was there with his niece, Miss May O'Brien, of Chattanooga, Tenn., and Dr. Welby and Miss Welby, of Brooklyn. Then there was Lawyer Whitehouse, of Chicago, whose aristocratic face and white mutton chop whiskers created the impression that he was an Englishman and an M. P., at least.

And over from Del's came the "Old Guard," headed by Captain Jose Mora, and marshalled in elegance and propriety. When the "Old Guard" is on parade the half-baked dudes that drink absolute frappe at noon have to stand from under. And, of course, the Horse Show directors, who belong in weight-for-age class, were there, and George Griswold Haven and A. D. Juillard and General Dan Sicles and—what's the use? Just say everybody, and let it go at that.

The Under Crust.

There was also a large representation of what may be called the under crust of the

social pie. And, mind you, when I use this term, I mean no offence, for the under crust is very close to the upper crust, and that is the top of all. It is a compliment to some people to be rated as any part whatever of the social pie, for the vast majority at the Horse Show haven't even a place in the pie pan.

Mr. William H. Clark, ex-Corporation Counsel, is an assiduous attendant at the Horse Show, and so are most of those well-dressed, well-behaved politicians who sprang up under the administration of Hugh J. Grant, who is also a devotee to the exhibition in Madison Square Garden. Nathan Straus is another man of the same class, and, indeed, if you were to go into Del's cafe on any day at luncheon time and take note of the prosperous tradesmen and theatrical managers there and then watch for them in the Garden you wouldn't miss a single face.

But really, this is just a bit out of my line. I drifted into it through watching the excessively warm greetings extended to Mr. Smiling Johnny Kelly by those immortal tip-toppers, Hercules Cary, Foxie Keene, Tom Hitchcock, Sam Howland and all the rest of the "horse" set. You would have thought that Mr. Smiling Johnny Kelly was their long lost brother.

And speaking of Sam Howland, I am reminded that he and his brother-in-law, Oliver Belmont, stood for at least a quarter of an hour on the steps by the latter's box with their hands on each other's shoulders, much after the attitude of the two gentlemen on the shield of the State of Kentucky, whose motto is, "United we stand; divided we fall." It was an exhibition of brotherly affection rarely witnessed at the Horse Show, and was accepted as a refutation of the oft-repeated story that Sam does not approve of Oliver's second marriage. The only thing necessary to complete the evidence on this point would have been the presence of Mrs. Belmont as a witness of the "united we stand" act. Unfortunately she was not there, either in the afternoon or evening. Her sympathy for her best friends, Colonel and Mrs. Willie Jay in their recent bereavement, was too deep and sincere to permit Mrs. Belmont to visit the Horse Show yesterday.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

There was also a large representation of what may be called the under crust of the

INDRE MISSES A BLUE RIBBON.

World-Beater Does Not Quite Suit the Judges—Mr. Lawrence's Frills Disqualified.

Weather, always a potent factor in the success or failure of the Horse Show, took

Mr. Oliver H. P. Belmont's coach was not correctly appointed in some minor details. It was common talk, too, that one of his wheelers had not been long enough his property to qualify him to appear in the ring as such.

The pony-kick about the eligibility of Mr. Prescott Lawrence's Frills for the class in which she was placed first on Tuesday, No. 22, resulted in the sweet little lady being disqualified. The trouble is that her owner fell between two stools. Under the system of registration she could have been shown either as a full-blooded hackney or as a half-bred, but not both. Last year she was shown as a yearling in the pure-blooded classes, and was placed second to Lady Lynwood. Last Spring, however, Frills was shown at the Philadelphia show as a half-bred, which in itself debarr'd her from being exhibited as a full-blooded one. Her disqualification gave the first money to Mr. E. A. Stevens, who was second with Lady Sutton, while Mr. Cassatt's Polly moves up into second place.

The rain and a programme that lacked any specially attractive features rendered the things decidedly slow in the Garden during the morning hours. With the exception of a preliminary jumping class to weed out horses entered in the Corinthian Class of the afternoon, the classes to be decided were for brood mares and stallions, which require a certain measure of technical knowledge for before-looker to appreciate what is going on. In the Corinthian Class Mr. Foxhall Keene handled three horses in his usual artistic style, but perhaps his remarkably untidy and gentlemanly get-up won him even more approbation than his skill in the saddle.

Two Prizes for Chesterfield.

The same stallion won two classes, Nos. 21 and 27, which was scarcely all that one might desire from the reason that the classes really called for different types. The first was for pony stallions, over 12½ and not over 14½ hands. The entry was exceedingly light, the only contestants being the thoroughbred hackney Chesterfield, by Little Wonder out of Lady Levina, and the property of Mr. Henry Fairfax; J. D. Cam-



the not woman's costume to reach the Horse Show standard, and so she was "turned down," as the politicians say, and had to retire. But she was not defeated; not a bit of it. When she couldn't ride she walked, and in walking the man part of her costume became so apparent that the ladies in the boxes looked at each other and talked very earnestly, but the men looked straight at Lona, and never said a word. Oh, yes, it was a great night at the Horse Show and well worth the money of

is of generous build, however, copious in girth and a trifle hippy, he finds his model in such exquisites as Bourde Harbman, or Ned Bulkeley, or George Porgie De Forest Grant.

Really No Fixed Rule.

So, you see, my dear correspondent, that I can lay down no fixed rule for your guidance in this matter, so far as dress or personal appearance goes. The only certain way of satisfying your curiosity is to watch the man you suspect of being a heavy

TYPES OF HORSES AT THE GARDEN—SOME WINNERS, OTHERS NOT.

a hand yesterday, and the afternoon attendance suffered especially. After a good dinner people do not appear to mind rain so much. The programme, except in the morning, had plenty of good features. It was said early in the day that the decision in the park four-in-hand class of Tuesday night would be protested, but this was not true. A vast deal of adverse criticism was, however, heard. It is claimed that apart from the question of the horses which only counted 50 per cent

son's Count, and an animal named King Morgan, of whom it would be hard to say where he belongs. The pure blooded hackney is by no means the ideal pony or pony sire, but while Count is nearer to the genuine pony stamp than Chesterfield, the judges decided on the latter. This decision emphasizes the necessity for a thorough revision of the ideas as to ponies that have gradually been working into vogue so far as horse shows are concerned of late years. Every palate-pleasing delicacy, the world's best vinegars, before or after their visit to the New Hotel Manhattan, 420 and Madison Ave.,